The Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE.

VOL. XXIV. MAY 2, 1874. NO. 1.

The Voice of May.

I AM coming, little maiden,
With the pleasant sunshine laden;
With the honey for the bee;
With the blossom for the tree;
With the flower and with the leaf:
Till I come, the time is brief.

I am coming, I am coming!
Hark! the little bee is humming;
See! the lark is soaring high
In the bright and sunny sky,
And the gnats are on the wing;
Little maiden, now is Spring.

See! the yellow catkins cover
All the slender willows over;
And on mossy banks so green
Starlike primroses are seen;
Every little stream is bright;
All the orchard-trees are white.

Hark! the little lambs are bleating;
And the cawing rooks are meeting
In the elms,—a noisy crowd:
And all birds are singing loud;
And the first white butterfly
In the sun goes flitting by.

Turn thy eyes to earth and heaven:
God for thee the May has given,
Taught the birds their melodies,
Clothed the earth, and cleared the skies,
For thy pleasure or thy food:
Pour thy soul in gratitude.

For the Myrtle.

The Birds' Nests.

"IT is a holiday, to-day," said Harry Williams, as he arose on May-day morning. "How shall I pass the time?"

"Go and see your Aunt Sophia," replied Sarah, the house maid. "She wants to see you very much, for she told me so when I carried her the basket of eggs yesterday."

"But I don't like Aunt Sophia," said Harry, "for when I was there last, she would not let me pull down a robin's nest that I found on an apple tree in the lot, and I don't want to go and see her."

"Now I think that what you have said shows your Aunt Sophia to be a good-hearted old lady," answered Sarah.

Copy 2

Harry turned away his head and would not listen to another word, for he thought it very strange that Sarah should agree with his Aunt Sophia. Seeing that he was out of temper, Sarah soon left him to himself, for there are very few people that like to keep company with little boys when they are out of temper.

As soon as Harry was left alone, he began to consider how he should spend the day. At last he started up, and clapped his hands together. "I have just thought of it," said he. "I will go and pay a visit to Sammy Stillwell. He lives only two miles off. He is a first rate hand at playing ball and marbles, and I shall enjoy myself vastly."

He then went down stairs to his breakfast. He ate in a great hurry, and then put on his hat and started off for the well-known house where his schoolmate, Sammy Stillwell, lived.

He soon came within sight of the house. It stood on a hill, and was surrounded by fruit trees which were then in blossom. Sammy Stillwell had climbed up in a tree, and he saw Harry while he was a great distance down the road. He made haste to come down from the tree, and ran to meet his friend. He took Harry by the hand and led him up toward the house.

As Sammy was a very kind little boy, he endeavored to amuse his little visitor as well as he could. They played with marbles and they played at ball, and then Sammy brought out his kite, and as it had a very long string to it, it ascended to a vast distance in the air. While Harry was looking up at the kite, he espied a bird's nest on a tree. The tree stood near the house, and Sammy said that the window of his bed-room opened directly opposite to it. Harry continued to look at the nest tilll he saw a little bird fly from it. He then said to Sammy, "Are there any eggs in that nest?"

"Yes," said Sammy, "there are four little eggs in it, for I have seen them."

"Then let us get up and take them out," cried Harry, eagerly.

"No," said Sammy, "we will not take them out, but you may go up to my room, and you can see them as long as you please by looking from my window."

"There would be no fun in that," said Harry, "I will climb up into the tree and take the nest down."

"No," said Sammy, "I would not do that for a great deal. The bird would feel very bad if her eggs were taken away, and it would do us no good to take them."

"But it would be fine sport," said Harry, "for there was just such a nest that had been built upon a tree near our house, and I took it down and broke all the eggs."

"I think it was very cruel," replied Sammy, "and I cannot believe that there is any sport in destroying a poor bird's nest, or robbing her of her eggs."

Harry felt a little ashamed of the confession which he had made, though he looked once more at the nest before he followed Sammy to another part of the enclosure.

It was about two months from that time that Harry paid another visit to Sammy Stillwell. He went up into Sammy's room with him, and was surprised and delighted with the singing of several beautiful birds that perched on the branch of a tree under Sammy's window. After listening to them some time, Harry began to express his pleasure at their singing, and said that it was certainly a fine thing to sleep in a place where the music of birds was the first thing that was heard upon awaking in the morning.

"Yes," replied Sammy, "these birds came from the eggs which were in that nest which you were bent upon destroying the other day, when you were here last."

When little Harry went home that night, he reflected on what he had heard and seen, and as he laid his head upon his pillow, he thought it a pity that he too could not hear the birds sing in the morning. When he awoke, the sun was shining in at his window; but there was no music to greet him. He went to his window and looked out upon the trees. His eyes fell upon the very spot where the bird's nest had been — that nest which he had taken down and destroyed, together with all the eggs that were in it. Then did he know the reason that there was no music to cheer him in the morning. Sammy Stillwell had spared the young birds, and they sang to him every morning. Harry had destroyed them, and there was no song of birds to welcome him when he arose in the morning.

Harry never robbed another bird's nest, and he was a wiser and better boy ever after.

"Don't be naughty, Howie. Try to drive the naughty spirit away out of your heart."

"I can't. It's all stuck in," said wee Howie.

Rain and Sunshine.

"The window's a-crying, mother!" said little Gracie, watching the tears roll down the window-pane. "The window is crying! and it's just as sorry to have it rain as I am!"

"Why, Grace! we've had so much bright sunshine for weeks, that I should think you would laugh, instead of cry, to hear the rain pour again. I'm sure the verbenas and the asters are holding up merry faces, and catching every drop with glee."

"I can't help it," said Gracie, looking beyond the window's tears as well as she could through her own into the playground below. "I don't care! I can't croquet nor anything."

And, sure enough, the mud-spattered mallets lying on the wet, faded leaves (when they should have been safely boxed) did look very forlorn; and the balls, washed clean and bright, did look very tempting.

"I wish we had a great roof,—it might be like a Chinese-pagoda roof,—pointed at the top with an ornament, and held up by four pretty, twisted posts, over all the ground; and then we could play if it did rain."

"And have you nothing under a roof? I've heard of children who had a little book-case full of stories, and I've heard of games besides. I don't have to stretch my memory very much to remember a little girl, with brownish-gray eyes and wax-colored hair, who had a paint-box and a 'checkered game of life;' and in one room of her house, under a roof, was a rocking-horse and dolls, both old and young, with their beds and cradles and a carriage."

"O mother!" said Gracie, "the sun's coming out right in the rain. And see how pretty is all this row of little crystal beads on the window-sash!"

"I guess you will not need a roof over your croquet-ground in an hour from now. I will give you two little verses to learn; and you can have them ready to say by the time your window gets to 'crying' again:—

'I love to see the little drops
Come dancing down the pane:
I know, when they have played a while,
The sun will come again.

And, even while the crystal beads
Along the sash still cling,
He'll come to light them up, and make
A rainbow of the string.'"

Gracie soon said her verses; and the next thing I heard was the click of her green mallet as Toy's ball went to the farther corner of the croquet-ground.—*Evangelist.*

For the Myrtle.

Puss Jameson.

Mrs. Jameson's puss is but an ordinary individual of the large family of *Felis domesticus.* He wears a soft warm coat of gray fur curiously interwoven with mottled spots of black, white and yellow. He is a great favorite with the children, but last spring when the hens began to run about with their young broods he was narrowly watched, lest his appetite for feathered food should lead him to pounce upon a wandering chick. But no, his conduct was without reproach and he was soon regarded as a sort of protector, for one day a hungry hawk having seized two of the chickens in his talons, was bearing them aloft, when suddenly it felt the force of pussy's claws and teeth, and instead of feasting became itself a feast.

Upon a pear tree some robins had built their cosy nest, and from Mrs. Jameson's chamber window could be seen first the bluish eggs then the callow young. Puss was noticed one afternoon descending the tree while the old birds were uttering their cry of alarm. Had he eaten the little birds? Up stairs we ran and peered into the nest. No, they were all safe.

A day or two later puss was again seen on the tree, but when we looked for our birdies they were all there, and oh, how fast they did grow. Soon they were almost big enough to fly and there was hardly room enough for their speckled breasts upon the edge of the nest. Could it be that one was gone? surely there were but four now. Next day there were but three, and within a week all were destroyed. How piteously the old birds uttered their plaints! Next morning puss was discovered eating a robin, and only one of the parent birds mourned the loss of mate and young.

The children wept and talked seriously to puss about the misdemeanor, so they called it, of killing robins, but it was of little use. He still feasts on birds at large, but never harms dove, chick or gosling, while the pet canary may perch upon his head without fear.

Is it reason or instinct that guides him?

A. A. B.

A LITTLE girl was asked what was the meaning of the word happy. She gave a pretty answer, saying, "It is to feel as if you wanted to give all your things to your little sister."

For the Myrtle.

No Flowers without Showers.

CHARLIE and Nannie were out for flowers.
Searching the meadows through;
Nothing they found, though they sought for hours,
But the green grass starred with dew.

Then the clouds came up and hid the sun,
And the fresh south wind blew warm,
And the rain-drops pattered one by one,
In a sudden April storm.

"Now why are the bright days spoiled with rain,"
Poor Nannie began to fret, —
"'Twas enough that our search was all in vain.
Without being draggled and wet."

"And I think that Spring is a hateful thing,"
So Nannie said with a pout,
"If I hadn't any more smiles to bring,
I'd keep the tear-drops out."

Then Charlie laughed at the clouded face,
And laughed at the clouded sky;
"Why, the flowers are waiting for just this grace,"
He said, as the storm went by.

"'Tis the fault of many an April day,
Too dry and cold and bright
That we look in vain for the flowers of May
Which hide so long from sight.

They wait for the rain on hill and plain,
For the warm, soft rain to come,
By sun and rain they must grow and gain,
Or there'll be no flowers at all."

So he laughed away the pettish frown;
And they came another day,
To find the meadows up and down
All bright with the flowers of May.

As each flower held up in its tender cup
A drop of the blessed rain,
Did they read the language of cheer and hope
For their own life's clouds and pain?

We must take the showers if we want the flowers, —
'Tis a lesson sweet and true;
If life grows fair by its sunny hours,
It blooms by its sorrows too.

H. A. B

The May Queen's Speech.

[To be spoken at a May-day concert]

I'M not a little faiwy queen,
As some of you may sink;
I do not feed on neckar,
Or from ze fower-cups dwink.

I'm mamma's little darlin',
An' sisser's little pet;
I'm bozer Tarlie's hummin'-bird,
An' papa's —— I fordet.

Zay tall me little May Queen,
But I's only Baby May.
Zo I'll some time be a 'oman,
For I'm *free* years old to-day!

Zen put ze quown upon my head,
Ze seper in my hand,
An' tell 'em zat I'm queen to-day
Of all 'is pitty land.

For the Myrtle.

Violets.

I SAW to-day a bunch of blue violets in a flower-shop window. English violets they were, but I did not think of merry England, nor of the hot-house bed where they were carefully raised as exotics in a foreign land. The pale-blue double flowers brought back to me the smaller, richer-colored and far more fragrant blue violets that star our northern meadows in these days of May.

How fresh came to mind the haunts where I found them in early days — the knolls in meadow and pasture that were purple with their tiny bloom, and the little shaded dells between, where they grew larger and taller on their delicate stems, interspersed with the fairy striped May-flower, and the nodding wild-oats. Many a bouquet on the teacher's desk came from these haunts in the early spring mornings, and memories of May-baskets and birthdays hide still among those violet-covered knolls.

But the sweetest memory I have of them is the last. When the spring came around, my dear little friend, my favorite playmate for many years, fell sick. I had been sick, too, and never was the air so fresh and the fields so green as when I was able to go out again into the warm April sunshine. But my little friend grew worse instead of better. Week after week she languished in a lingering sickness, now on her bed and now in her easy-chair, but never growing strong and well. She was a pretty, plump, laughing girl, with fair complexion and thick, wavy auburn hair, and during the long time we were kept apart I could not think of her as growing every day more sick and pale and weary.

One day I was well enough to go and see her, and she happily was well enough to see me. It was early May, and I did not know whether there were any flowers in the meadow, but thought I would slyly go and see. I was hardly strong enough to put before my visit a tramp on the damp meadow-ground, but it would be so nice to have the first fresh flowers to carry to my dear little playmate!

How well I remember the path I took, and how I thought at first it was a hopeless quest. I jumped carefully the damp places and sought the sheltered nooks. Oh, the dancing young leaves, the soft pussy-willows by the stream, the fresh spring odors, — how delightful they were! but at first no flowers appeared. I had reached the hollow between the two great hills and lo, in the old familiar places there was the ground blue with violets! Nothing but violets — they had come first, as blue and sweet as if they had dropped from the warm sky instead of coming up from the cold, damp ground.

Eagerly and fast I gathered them, thinking with every flower of my dear little friend, how she would feel and what she would say when she saw them. We had gathered them so many times together, — we knew every knoll and nook of the fields and woods; how I should love to carry them to her and tell her where they grew!

So I went with my precious bunch of violets and put them in her little wasted hands. And her eyes lighted up with joy and with a sort of hunger too. "Oh,—violets,"—she said; "everything is growing outdoors again, isn't it? How I wish I could go!" And she smelled the violets and laid them against her cheek, and laid them down and took them up, saying every little while, "how nice they are! I *wish* I could go with you."

It happened that I did not go to the meadow again. My little friend grew worse, and I went to see her when all her beautiful hair was cut off and she could not lift the aching head from the pillow. Then I went away from home for a while and was only recalled home to see her in her coffin, with the white roses strewn about her.

So to-day when I see the blue violets, and they bring back the green meadow and the fresh spring, I think most vividly of that day when I gathered them thinking how she would feel and what she would say; and memory wanders to the sick-room and the brown eyes and auburn hair, and rests at last on a little grave, — oh, how short and small it seems now — all overgrown with flowers. *H. A. B.*

Half a Victory.

I will tell you how it was. Jack had been told he must not go to see a certain boy called Sam, without asking his father's permission. Sam lived in a place where there were a great many boys, and Jack loved dearly to be with them, There were many things to play with and everything was very pleasant. One day some of the boys said to Jack, "Come, let's go down to Sam's." So Jack started to go along with them; but after he had gone some distance, his conscience troubled him so much that he could not bear it any longer. He determined he would leave the boys, run home and ask his father's permission, and then he could go back with a light heart; so he started back to ask his father's permission. This was given, and he went off merrily, almost overtaking the boys in his haste to get there.

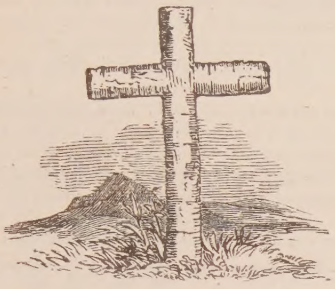
Now this was only half a victory. It was better than nothing, but it was not a right good, honest victory. If little Jack had done quite right, he would have said at first, "Boys, I can't go with you until I have asked father." That would have been a whole victory. He would have told the truth and been obedient too.

"HERE, Alfred, is an apple; divide it politely with your little sister."

"How shall I divide it politely, mamma?"

"Give the larger part to the other person, my child."

Alfred handed the apple to his little sister, saying, "Here, sis, you divide it yourself."



Our Sunday Schools.

We gave last week a record of the observance of Easter in many of the Sunday Schools of Massachusetts. We continue this week the brief mention of the day, in this and other States.

MASSACHUSETTS.

—At Peabody in the evening the Sunday School gave a very interesting concert consisting chiefly of the Easter service in the April *Helper*. The young ladies did themselves great credit in the fine execution of the several parts.

—At Lynn the day was observed in the second parish as well as the first. A concert was given in the evening, by the children, in the decorated church. The church was filled to overflowing, the children acquitted themselves creditably, and an address was given by the pastor.

—At Malden an Easter concert by the Sunday School closed the interesting exercises of the day.

—At Annisquam the entire service of church and Sunday School were adapted to the day.

—At Wakefield there were fine decorations, and special services of both church and Sunday School.

—At Stoughton a pleasant Sunday School concert was given in the evening. Among those received into the church by the rite of baptism at the close of the morning service was a young member of the Sunday School.

—At Westminster a concert was given in the evening by the Sunday School. The pieces in the MYRTLE and *Helper* by Mrs. Winship, was carried out successfully in every respect. These, with other exercises, left a deep impression on the minds of all. The whole service was truly elevating.

—At North Bridgewater the Sunday School celebrated Easter Sunday in the evening by a concert. The exercises consisted principally in the use of Mrs. Winship's service in the *Helper*, which with the address, the wreathing of the cross, and in all its details, was rendered very finely.

—The Sunday School in Plymouth observed Easter in the evening, the *Helper* "Easter Offering" being the principal feature. The church was elaborately trimmed with arches of flowers, set off with blooming plants, and appropriate mottoes. The pastor gave an excellent address. The house was crowded to the overflow.

—At Springfield a childrens' Easter service was held in the evening. The choir were in their places and a pyramid of little girls, attired in white, formed a beautiful picture at the other end of the church, and recitations and wreathing of the cross, with the music of the choir and Sunday School, formed altogether one of the pleasantest observance of the day in the city. The church was crowded, and many stood in the aisles during the whole evening.

—At North Adams in the evening the Sunday School, under the direction of its superintendent, Dr. O. J. Brown, celebrated the Resurrection of Christ in the form provided by the *Helper*. There was other singing and speaking, and a full church to enjoy it.

—At Orange in the evening came the Sunday School concert, in which was presented those two very beautiful and appropriate pieces for Easter, "The Easter Offering" in the *Helper* and the one in the MYRTLE by Mrs. Winship, which gave great satisfaction to a crowded house.

—At Lanesville, at 7 P. M, a very spirited and highly interesting Sunday School concert, adapted to Easter, was holden, under the management of our indefatigable superintendent, Warner Lane, Esq. The hall was entirely filled.

—At North Attleboro' in the evening a floral concert was given by the Sunday School, assisted by the excellent church choir, which was received with great pleasure by a full house.

MAINE.

—At Rockland the evening was devoted to a Sunday School service. The decorations were not elaborate, but appropriate. At the right of the platform stood a beautiful cross of white flowers, offered by the Sunday School as a tribute to the former beloved pastor of the society, Rev. A. R. Abbott, while at the left was a cross of calla lilies. At the back of the platform in front of the choir was an arch of white, eight or nine feet in height and span, bordered with green and bearing the words "Christ is Risen," in gilt letters, while the pillars were decorated with vines and flowers. A large white cross stood beneath the centre of the arch. In the evening the exercises by the Sunday School consisted of the Easter service in the April number of the *Helper*, with the addition of the Easter dialogue in a late MYRTLE. The singing by the school and a quartette choir, composed of some of its older members. The children performed their parts finely, and the services were altogether very pleasing and appropriate. Next year the Rockland parish confidently hope to celebrate Easter in a new church edifice.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

—At Nashua a Sunday School concert was given in the evening, and in addition to a large number of recitations and anthems, all appropriate to Easter, Mrs. Winship's two pieces, published in the MYRTLE and *Helper* were given, to the delight of the audience. In the evening the church was crowded, and many were compelled to go away without gaining admittance.

—At Marlboro' the evening concert gathered the largest audience ever convened in the church on a similar occasion. Every pew was filled, and temporary seats in the aisles were quickly taken. The concert was the best which the school has given, and all who are acquainted with Marlboro' concerts, know them to be fine. The "Easter Offering" in the April number of the *Helper* was given with fine effect. The adornments of the church were of such universal excellence that friends wished to keep them fresh in memory, and accordingly secured a Keene artist to take stereoscopic views.

—Our Sunday School at Weare Centre observed Easter by a concert, with appropriate services. The "Easter Offering" was used as an opening service. It was well brought out in all its varied parts. All the exercises were interesting and of religious character and well performed. Every one who took part in or listened to them, must, it would seem, be the better for it. The attendance was large, many being present from other Sunday Schools and churches.

VERMONT.

—At Bethel in the evening, the Sunday School held a concert in "Murray Hall" using a part of the *Helper* service. "The Wreathing the Cross" was well represented.

—At Chester in the evening the Sunday School held a concert. The "Easter Offering" from the April *Helper* was used, also the piece for the little folks from the MYRTLE. The church was tastefully decorated with evergreens and flowers. Noticeable among these was a beautiful flower cross which was given by our friends of the Episcopal church. The church was crowded to its utmost capacity and the exercises were listened to with marked attention. The Superintendent's record shows an increase of twenty-five members during the last quarter.

The *Rutland Herald*, giving a full account of the very elaborate preparations for Easter exercises in Chester, pays an earnest tribute to the superintendent, Mrs. E. J. Chaffee Noble, sister of the pastor, to whose efficiency the happiness of the hour was largely due. It has occasion to add: "One of the most beautiful floral offerings seen on the occasion was a magnificent cross formed of tea roses and carnations, which had been presented to Mrs. Noble by members of St. Luke's Episcopal church. It was a delicate compliment, and Mrs. Noble was affected as she returned thanks to the donors for this touching tribute."

—At Springfield in the evening the church was filled to overflowing to witness the Easter concert by the Sunday School. Tasteful arrangement of flowers, crosses, and so forth, rendered the exercises very impressive. The "Easter Offering" from the *Helper* was beautifully presented. In addition to this there were other exercises, consisting of singing and recitations. Our informant writes that it has never been his privilege to witness so long an exercise where there was so little prompting; certainly great credit is due the management for the superior success of the occasion

RHODE ISLAND.

—Easter was observed at Valley Falls by a Sunday School concert appropriate for the occasion, held in the Universalist chapel. The decorations consisted of a cross, nearly five feet high, composed of evergreen and flowers, surmounted by a wreath fashioned of the same materials, and above the whole was suspended the motto, "Christ is Risen." The recitations were finely rendered, and the audience was the largest ever assembled in the edifice.

—The Sunday School of the first parish in Providence at its morning service, celebrated Easter, using in part the *Helper* service. In the church, the pastor preached with special reference to the occasion, to a numerous congregation. The communion service followed. Eight members were received into the church, three of the number were scholars in the Sunday School. Appropriate services were also given in the second church.

CONNECTICUT.

—The *Norwich Bulletin* says: "The Universalist church was crowded to listen to the Easter service and the concert of the Sunday School. The service was opened by an anthem by the choir, after which there was responsive worship with singing appropriate to Easter. Miss Stella Lewis, a little girl of five years, entertained the gathered friends with a nicely delivered speech. Then followed a piece entitled 'Christ is risen,' spoken by five young misses, and a song by the whole school. A piece entitled 'Easter Eggs' and a dialogue given by four of the infant class, were followed by a very interesting piece 'Changed Cross,' which was rendered by eleven young ladies. Several other scholars presented very creditable performances in speaking, in dialogues, and in singing; after which the school joined in a triumphal song and then listened to the pastor, the Rev. Mr. Twiss, who spoke a few words upon the celebration of the day by the Sunday School, and enforcing upon his listeners the solemnity of the occasion.

NEW YORK.

—At Canton in the evening the Easter concert by the Sunday School excelled all previous concerts and was much enjoyed. The church was crowded, with seats in the aisles.

—An Easter concert was given at the Universalist church in Troy. The exercises began with responses between the superintendent and school. An address by G. M. Powers explained the term "Easter" and why it was observed. He paid a feeling tribute to the departed ones. An Easter anthem was sung and a very pretty selection, "Wreathing the Cross," was recited by ten girls. Each one recited a verse and hung upon a cross a wreath trimmed with flowers. Recitations followed by the scholars. A song "Now I Lay me Down to Sleep," was sweety sung by Emma Davis. Much credit is due the hard-working pastor, Rev. A. B. Hervey, for the preparation and success of the programme, and the listeners were reassured of the ability of those taking part to render well any part assigned them.

And these are but a small part of the almost numberless celebrations of the day, in only our own small branch of the great church of the risen Lord. Let us also repeat what we said last week, that the exercises in the Sunday School were in all these cases secondary to those of the church. Sermons on the resurrection, the celebration of the communion, and the addition of large numbers to the church, were the chief features of the day.

Hidden Seed

Enigma.

I am composed of forty-eight letters.
My 2, 11, 27, 4, 8, was the "house of bondage."
My 17, 9, 31, 18, 36, a God-appointed leader.
My 30, 22, 28, 3, 31. 8, 20, 10, 13, the Holy Land.
My 5, 26, 16, 17, 39, 36, the doubting disciple.
My 37, 38, 25, 48, 15, one who denied Christ.
My 44, 48, 42, 5, 29, 47, 38, 36, those who received Christ.
My 22, 35, 39, 21, 18, 1. one who attacked the Israelites.
My 6, 12, 33, helped hold up the hands of Moses.
My 19, 41, 33, 5, 45, 2, is the price of happiness.
My 40, 46, 23, 43, 31, a book of the Old Testament.
My 31, 29, 35, 34, 19 helped bear Christ's cross to Golgotha.
My 24, 22, 19, 20, 24, the father of Solomon.
My 32, 2, 31, 8, 12, 31, one before whom Paul pleaded.
My 14, 22, 17, 41, 21, 7, where religion should first and always be taught.
My whole is found in the Book of Psalms.

Answer.

APRIL 25. Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

THE MYRTLE
IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY THE
UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE
37 Cornhill, Boston.

CHARLES CAVERLY, Jr. Agent.

TERMS—PAYMENT TO BE MADE IN ADVANCE.
Single copy, or less than ten, 75 cents per year.
Ten or more copies sent in one package, *without names*, to one address, 50 cents each per year.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

The printed date upon each wrapper will show each subscriber how the account stands, and none need expect it continued beyond the term paid for.

In any case where money has been sent, and the date has no been changed to correspond we will be glad to be notified, and the mistake will be corrected.

Address "Universalist Publishing House,"
37 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.